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RECITAL HAS BARD FOR MUSIC THEME

Suzanne Bloch Plays Works of Shakespeare's Day on Lute and Virginal in Fischer Hall

On the program Suzanne Bloch's recital at Carl Fischer Concert Hall Saturday night was listed only as the sixty-third concert to be presented by the Society of the Classic Guitar. With justice, though, it could have been billed as "Music in Shakespear's Time."

Miss Bloch illustrated this theme in three different ways. Most obviously, she performed five pieces so well known to Shakespeare and his contemporaries that he knew he coud refer to them in his plays either for a joke or to achieve a dramatic effect. 10-20-52 Tm

In her group of lute solos there was "Fortune My Foe," referred to in "Titus Andronicus"; "Heartes Ease," mentioned in "Romeo and Juliet," and "Greene Sleaves," which is still well enough known that it fetches a laugh when Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Widsor" says "Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleaves.'"

In Miss Bloch's group of songs to the lute there was "Heigh Ho, for a Husband," which Beatrice and Margaret bandy about in "Much Ado About Nothing." And in Miss Bloch's group of solos for the virginal was "Wops doe me no harme good man," an anonymous piece that she is convinced is the one the servant in "The Winter's Tale" refers to when he explains that the pedlar at the door knows a song with the refrain, "Whoops, do me no harm good man."

The second way the Shakespeare theme was demonstrated was through the instruments of the concert. Listening to the lute, with its two strings for each note, one realized with what uncanny precision Shakespeare made Caliban describe the music he heard. Those paired strings, tuned in unison, do make it a "twangling" instrument that "hums" about the ears.

Finally and unspokenly the whole program was animated by the Elizabethan concept of music. In the matter of practice there was music-making with members of the family and with friends, for in one group Miss Bloch was joined by her husband, Paul Smith, who played the recorder, and for the lute duets she was joined by Vladimir Bobri, the president of the sponsoring society.

Not only did all three perform in the manner that the books tell us was common with the Elizabethans—that is, as cultivated, sensitive and skillful aficianados, but they made the sort of music that Shakespeare knew. Again one has the proof from Caliban's words. It might have seemed too miniature for some listeners, but the hall was indeed filled with "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

R. P.

This copy of "A Book of Shakespeare's Songs" is one of an
edition of two hundred copies printed on Italian hand-
made paper. It was begun on the twenty-ninth
day of August, one thousand nine hundred
and one, and finished on the eighth
day of October, one thousand
nine hundred and three

No. 177.

Book of Shakespeare's Songs

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Edward Edwards

A Book of Shakespeare's Songs

With Musical Settings by Various Composers The whole Arranged and Decorated by Edward Edwards

New York: G. Schirmer
M dcccc iii

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Book of Shakespeare's Songs

The Poor Soul Sat Sighing by a Sycamore Tree

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore
tree,
Sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her
knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and mur-
mur'd her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd
the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow shall be my garland.

The Poor Soul Sat Sighing by a Sycamore Tree

Lento, non troppo.

Old Melody con espress.

mf *rf* *rfp* *rf* *pp*

Ped. ✻

1. The poor soul sat sigh - ing by a
2. The fresh streams ran by her, and

pp

sy - ca - more tree, } Sing all a green wil - low; { Her
mur - mur'd her moans; } Her

pp ritardando molto..... a tempo.

rit. molto.

col canto.

pp *ppp* *pp*

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hand on her bo - som, her head - - - - - - - on her knee,
salt tears fell from her, and soft - - - en'd the stones; } Sing

a tempo.

p

wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, Oh! wil - low, wil - low, wil - low must

pp

pp

ritardando.

mf a tempo.

be my gar - land: Sing all a green wil - low,

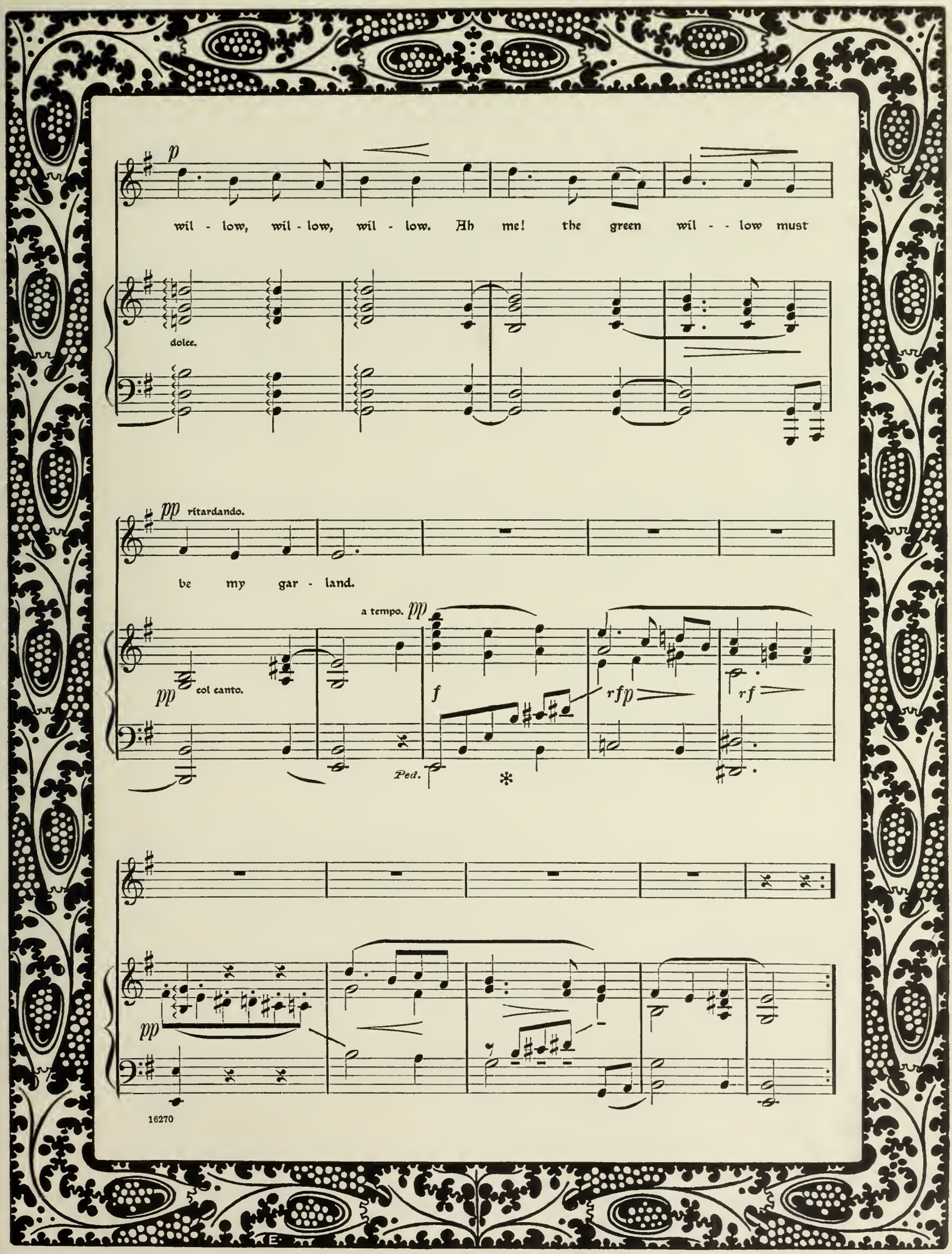
pp

mf

pp

pp

16270


p
wil - low, wil - low, wil - low. Ah me! the green wil - - low must
dolce.
pp ritardando.
be my gar - land.
a tempo. pp
pp col canto.
f
rfp
rf
Ped.
*
pp
16270

ritardando molto.....

pp

3. Come, all you for - - sak - en, and mourn you with me;
4. Take this for my fare - well and lat - est a - - dieu,

Sing all a green

pp

col canto.

pp

a tempo.

wil - low;

Who speaks of a false love, mine's fals - - er than he,
Write this on my tomb, that in love----- I was true,

Oh!

rit. molto.

a tempo.

ppp

p

pp

ritardando.

wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, Oh, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low must be my gar -

pp

pp

16270

mf a tempo. *p*

land: Sing all a green wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, wil - low, Ah

pp *mf* dolce. *pp*

pp ritardando.

me! the green wil - low must be my gar - land.

pp col canto. a tempo. *rf* *rfp* *rf*

Ped. *

poco espress.

pp *pp*

It Was a Lover and His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho,
And a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding-a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho,
And a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho,
And a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho,
And a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time.

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Thomas Morley

1. It - - -
2. Be -
3. This
4. Then

f *p*

was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a
tween the a - cres of the rye, With a hey, with a ho, with a
car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho, with a
pret - ty lov - ers, take the time, With a hey, with a ho, with a

sfp *sfp*

16270

hey no - ni - no, And a hey - - - - - - - no - ni - no - ni -
hey no - ni - no, And a hey - - - - - - - no - ni - no - ni -
hey no - ni - no, And a hey - - - - - - - no - ni - no - ni -
hey no - ni - no, And a hey - - - - - - - no - ni - no - ni -

f *p*

no, That o'er the green corn - fields did pass, In spring - time, in
no, These pret - ty coun - try fools did lie, In spring - time, in
no, How that life was but a flow'r, In spring - time, in
no, For love is crown - ed with the prime In spring - time, in

f *p*

spring - time, in spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When

sf *sf* *p*

birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey

sf *sf* *p*

ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring. - - - - - -

colla parte.

f a tempo.

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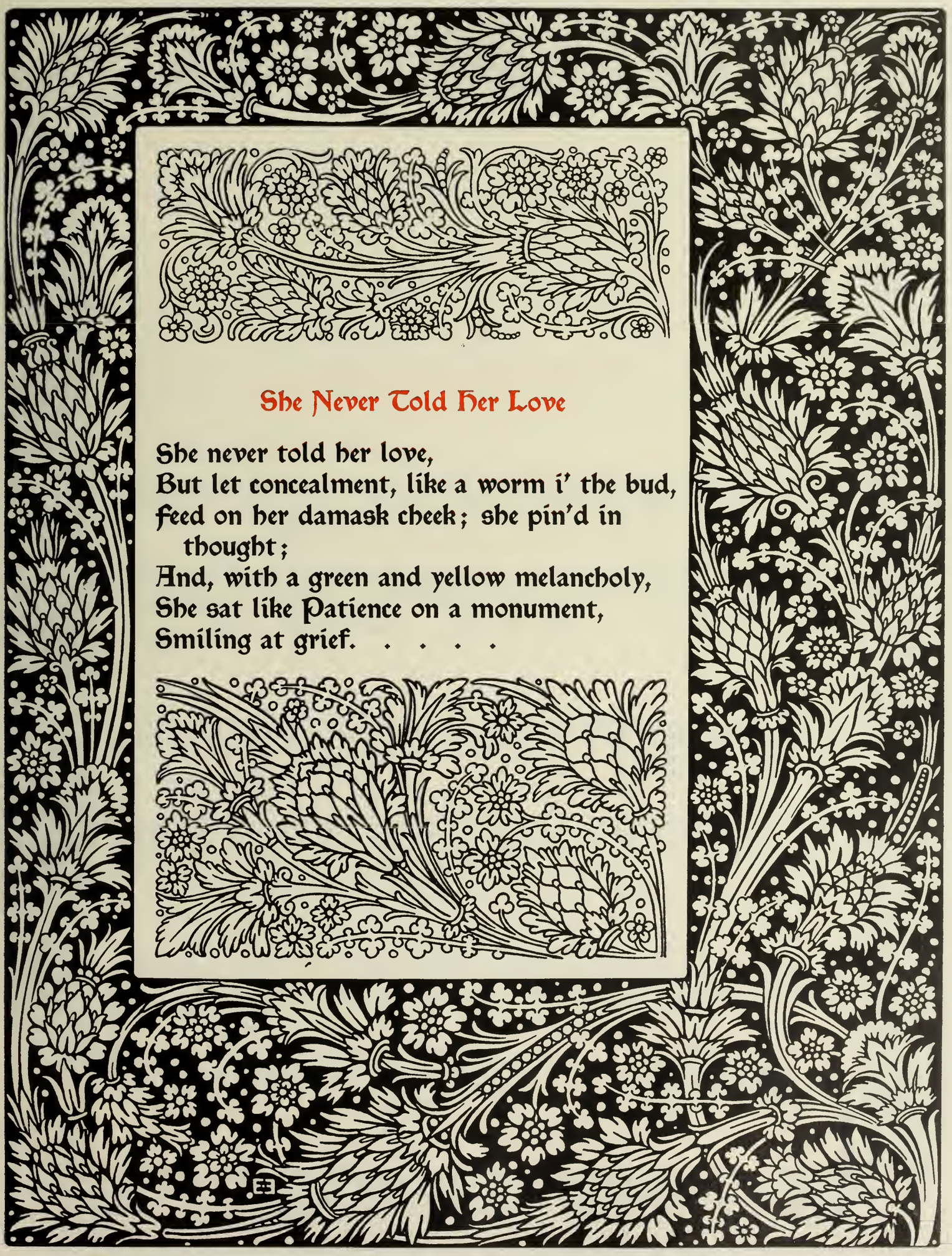


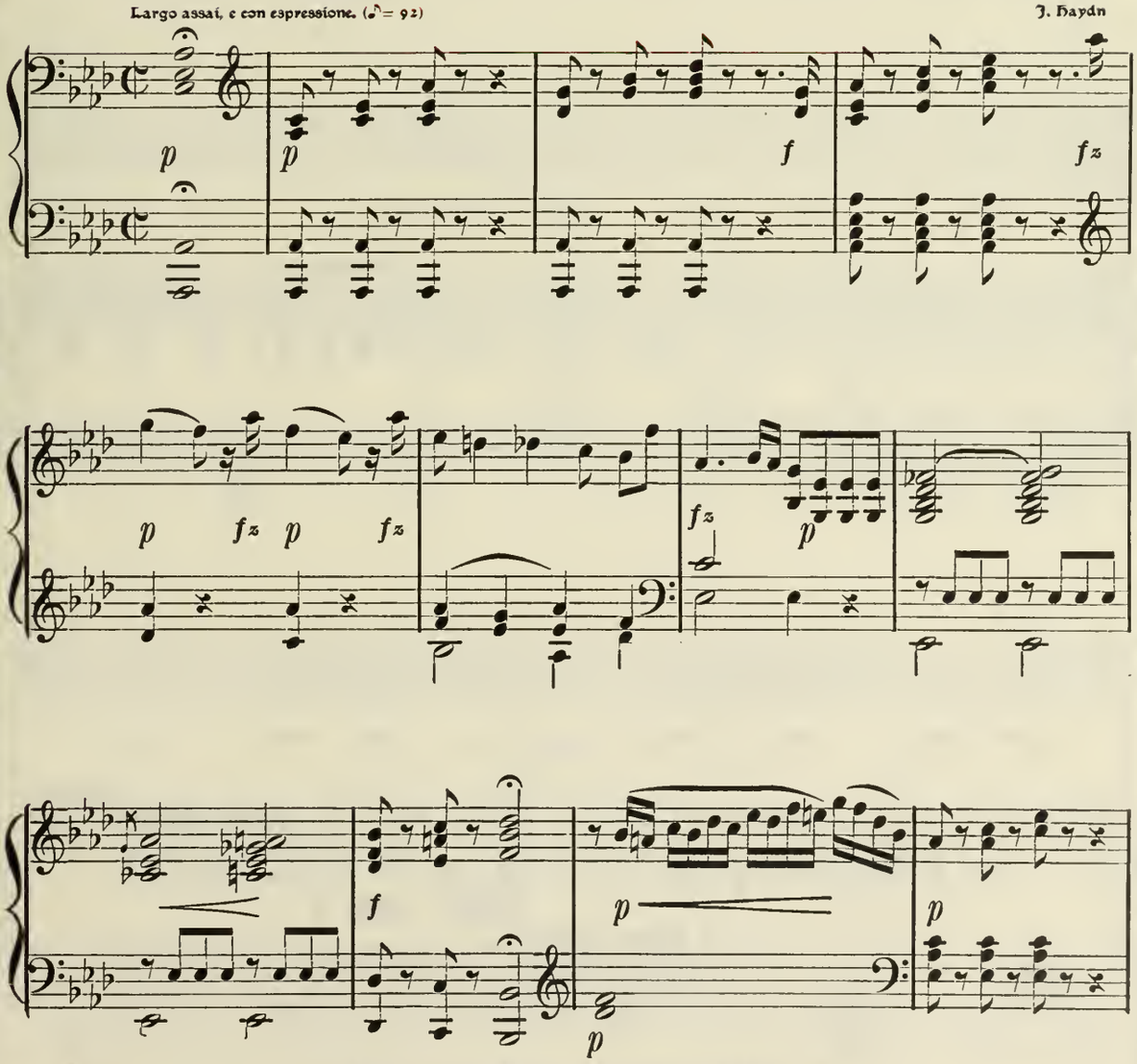
She Never Told Her Love

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in
thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. . . . .

She Never Told Her Love

Largo assai, e con espressione. (♪ = 92)

J. Haydn



16270

This is No. 4 of the Second Set of Canzonets, composed in 1790.

VIOLA (to the Duke).

She nev - er told her

f *p*

Ped. *

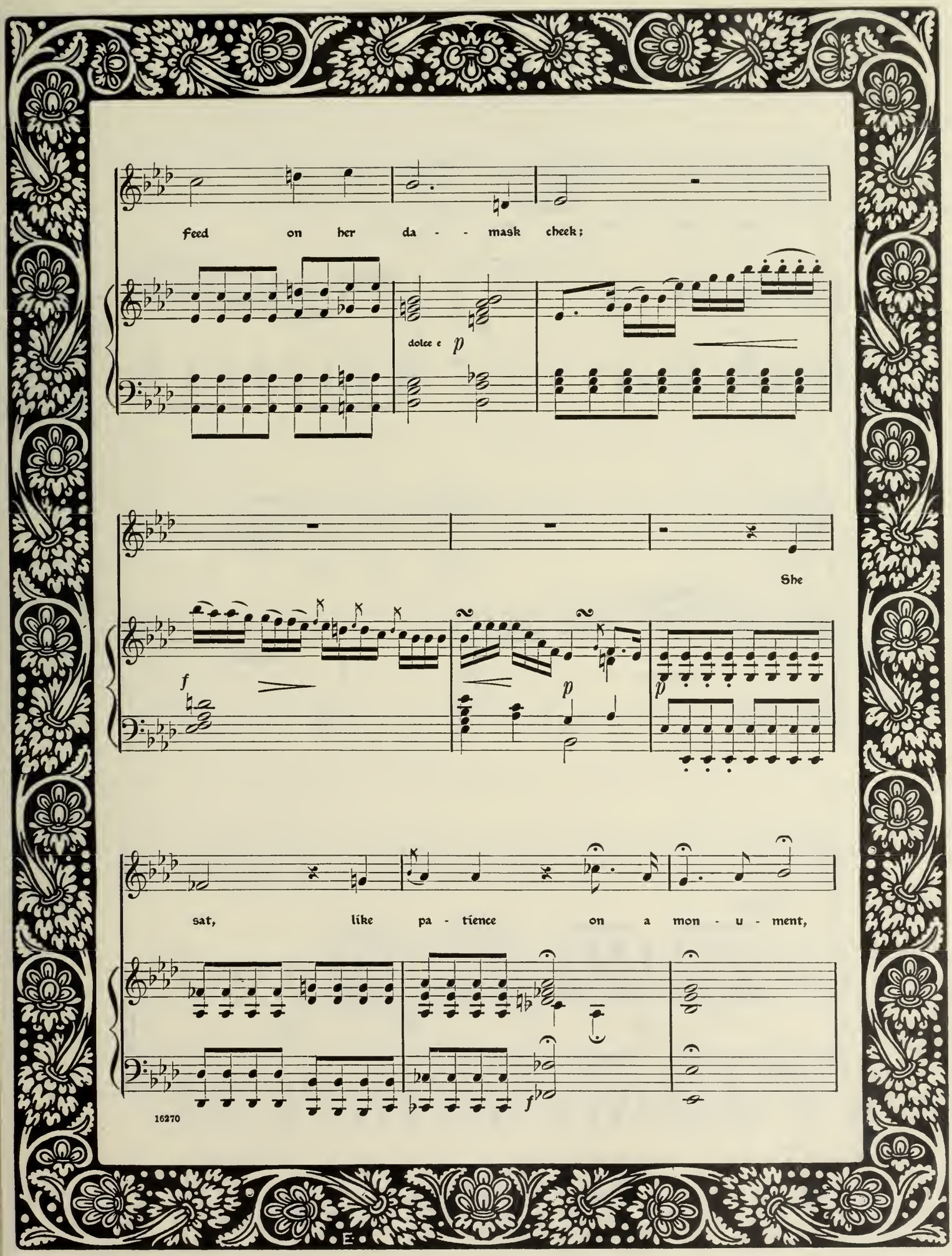
love, she nev - er told her love, But let con -

fz *p* *pp*

ceal - ment, like a worm in the bud,

(i')

16270


feed on her da - - mask cheek;
dolce e p
She
f
p
p
sat, like pa - tience on a mon - u - ment,
f
16270

Smil - ing, smil - - ing at--- grief,

p dol.

f

smil - ing, smil - - ing at

p

grief.

fp *fp* *pp*

16270

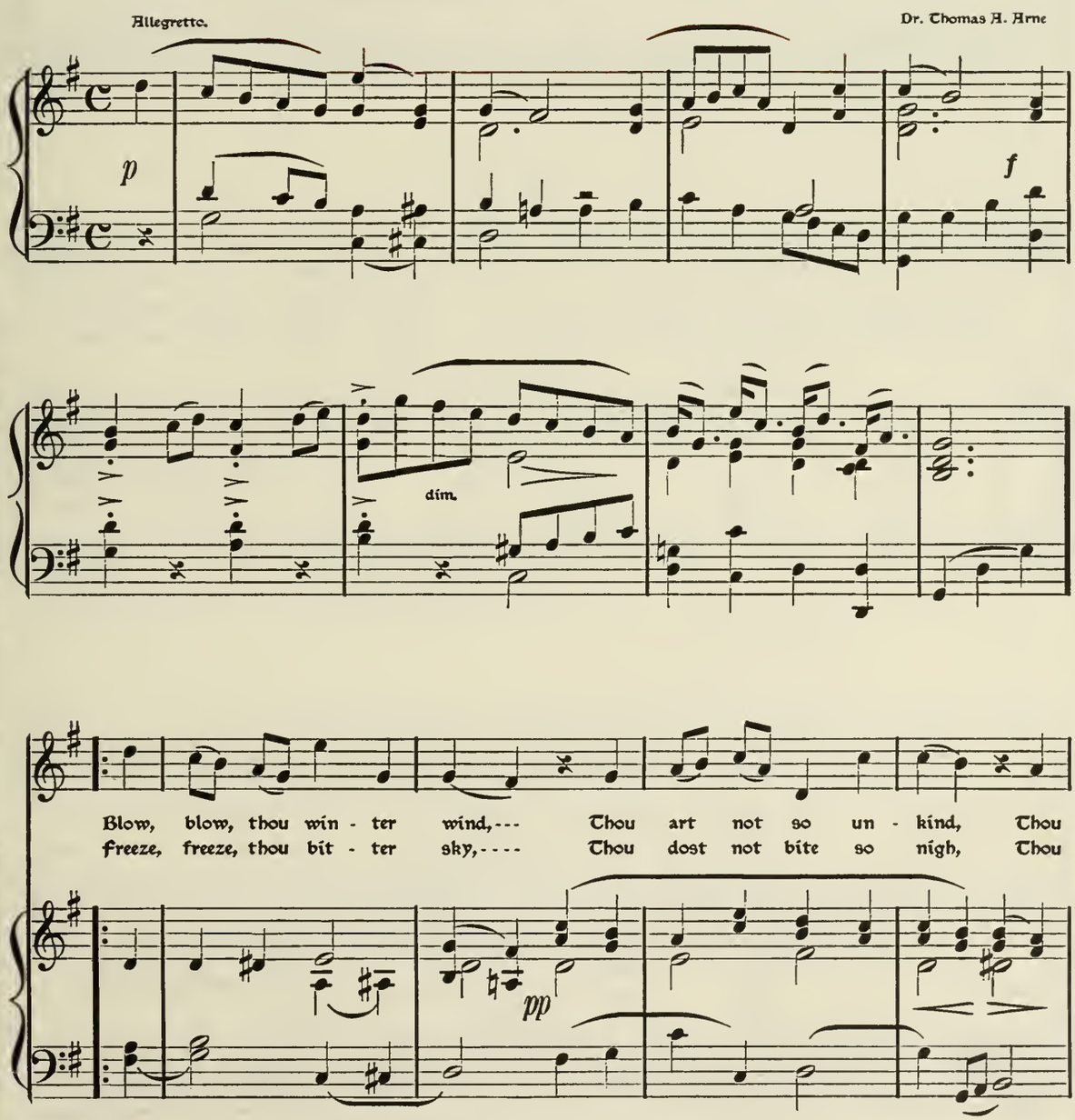
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
  holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
  mere folly:
    Then heigh ho, the holly!
    This life is most jolly!

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind



16270

Introduced by Sir H. R. Bishop into the opera "Comedy of Errors."
Dr. Arne did not compose the "burthen" to this song.

art not so un - kind As man's in - grat - - - - - - i - tude.
dost not bite so nigh As ben - e - fits - - - - - - - - - - - for - got.

f *p*

Thy tooth is not so keen, - - - - - - - - Be - cause thou art - - - not - -
Tho' thou the wa - ters warp, - - - - - - - - Thy sting is - - - - not - - - so - - -

tr

seen, - - - - Thy tooth is - - not so - - keen, - - - - - - - Be - cause thou art not
sharp, - - - Thy sting is - - not so - - sharp - - - - - - - As friend re - mem - ber'd

sf *p*

seen, - - - - Al - though thy - - breath be rude, al - though thy - -
not, - - - - - Thy sting is - - - not so sharp As friend re - -

(tr)

breath be rude, - - - - - - - - - - - al - though thy breath be rude.
mem - ber'd not, - - - - - - - - - - - - as - - - friend re - mem - ber'd not.

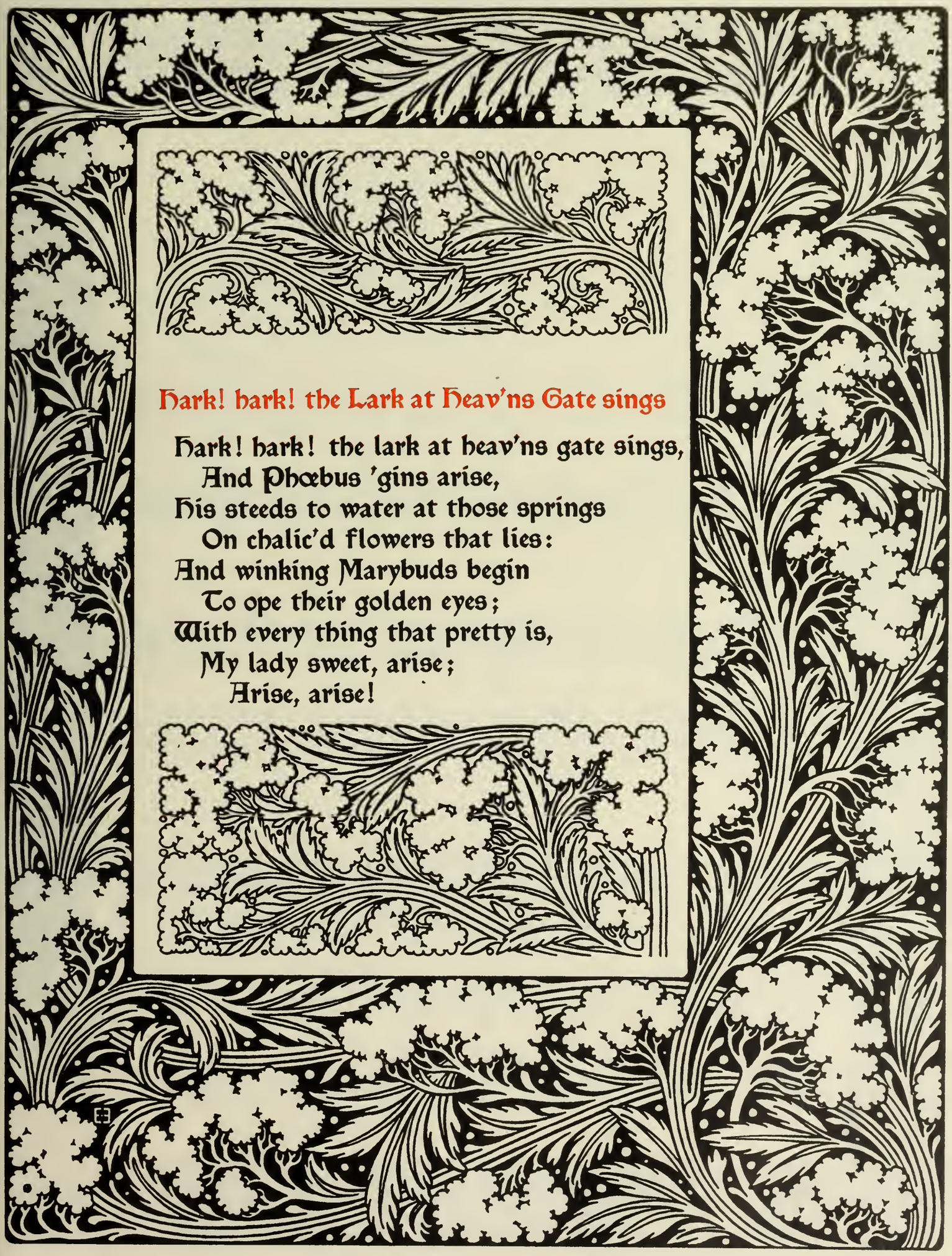
col canto.

p

f

p

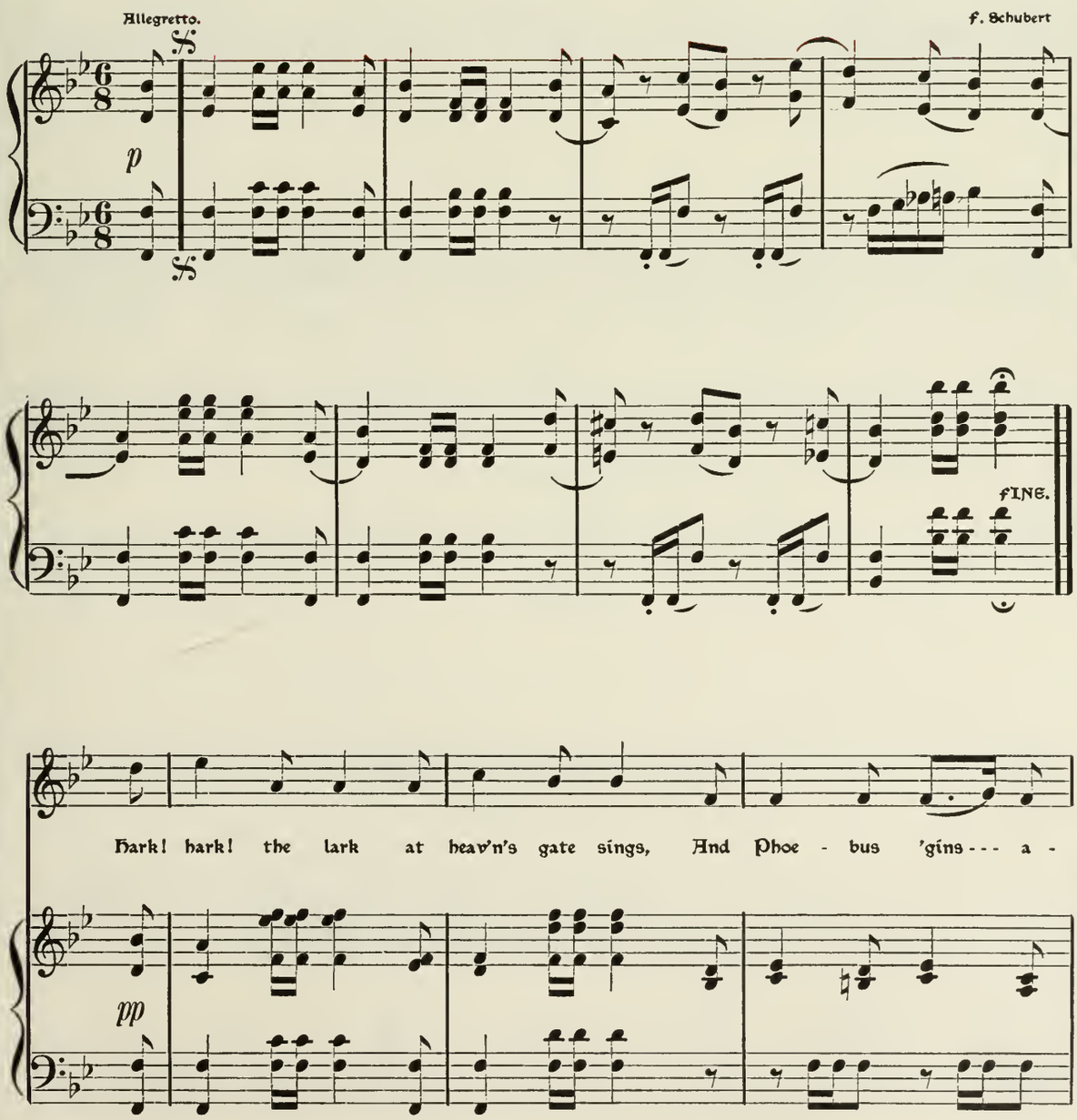
16270



Hark! hark! the Lark at Heav'ns Gate sings

Hark! hark! the lark at heav'ns gate sings,
  And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chalic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Marybuds begin
  To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
  My lady sweet, arise;
    Arise, arise!

Hark! hark! the Lark at Heav'ns Gate sings



16270

rise, ---------- His steeds to wa - ter at those springs On

chal - ic'd flow'rs... that lies, --------- on chal - ic'd flow'rs that

lies; And wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin----- to

16270

ope their gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry thing that

pret - ty is,* My La - dy sweet, - - - a - rise, With

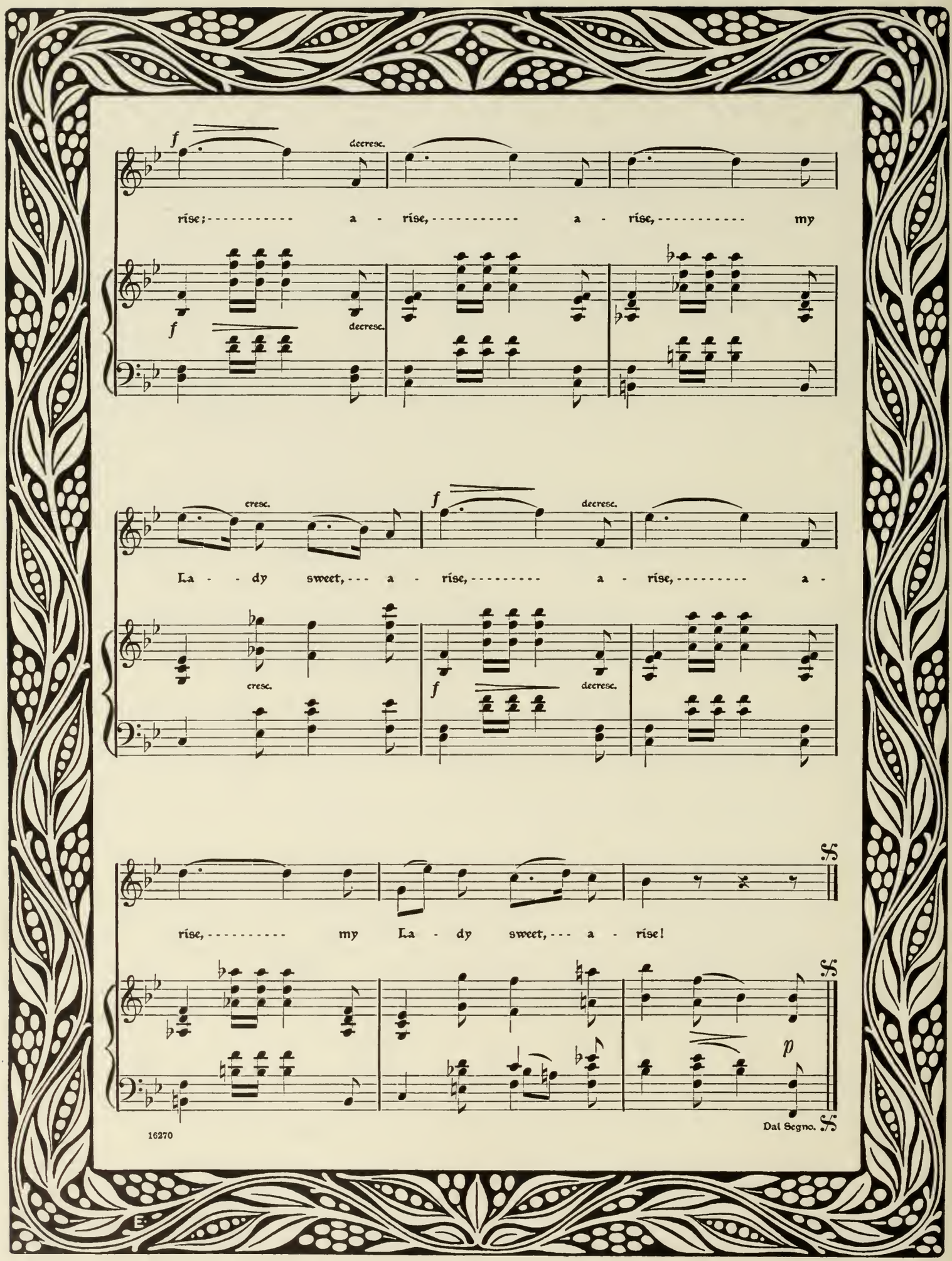
cresc.

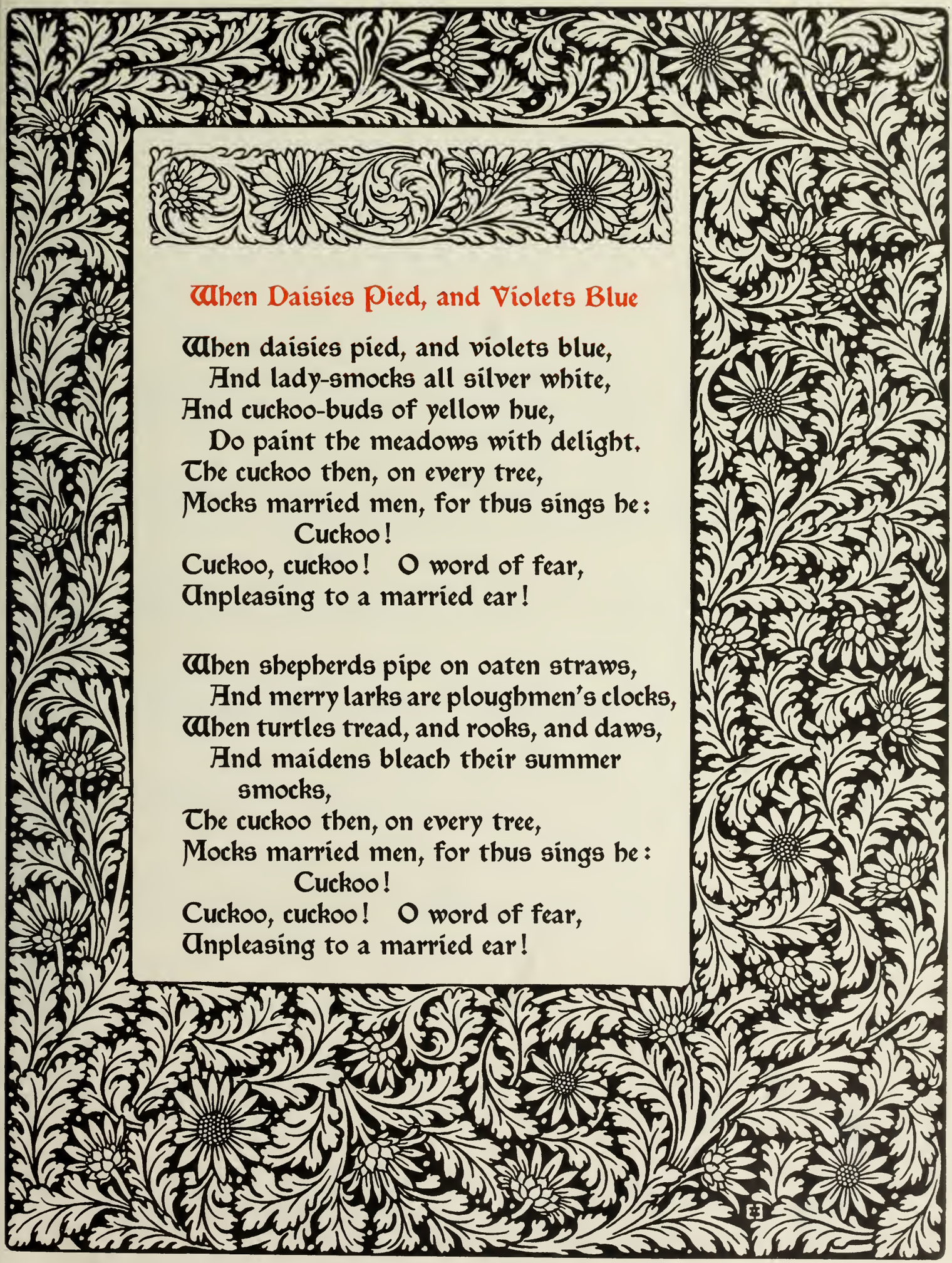
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My La - dy sweet, - - - a -

cresc.

16270

* The word "bin," substituted for "is" by some song-writers, is spurious.


f
decresc.
rise; a - rise, a - rise, my
f
decresc.
cresc.
f
decresc.
La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -
cresc.
f
decresc.
rise, my La - dy sweet, a - rise!
p
Dal Segno.
16270



When Daisies Pied, and Violets Blue

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
  And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
  Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
  And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
  And maidens bleach their summer
    smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When Daisies Pied, and Violets Blue

Dr. Thomas A. Arne

Allegretto.

f *sf* *p*

1. When dai - sies pied, and
2. When shep - herds pipe on

dim. *pp* *p* legato.

vi - o - lets blue, And la - - dy - smocks all sil - - ver white, And
oat - - en straws, And mer - - ry larks are plough - men's clocks, And

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cuck - oo - - buds of yel - - low hue, Do paint the mead - ows
tur - - tles tread, and rooks, and daws, And maid - ens bleach their

f

with de - light,
sum - - mer smocks,

1.-2. The

p *pp*

espress.

pp

cuck - oo then, on ev - er - y tree, Mocks mar - ried men,

poco allarg.

mocks mar - ried men, mocks mar - ried men, for thus sings he:

sf colla parte.

ad lib.

Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo, cuck - oo! cuck - - - oo!

p imitando. *p*

p

O word of fear,..... O word of

imitando. *p* eres.

ad lib.

fear, Un - pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear, un - pleas - ing to a

fp *p* poco allarg.

mar - ried ear!

colla parte. a tempo. *f* *sf*

p dim. *pp*

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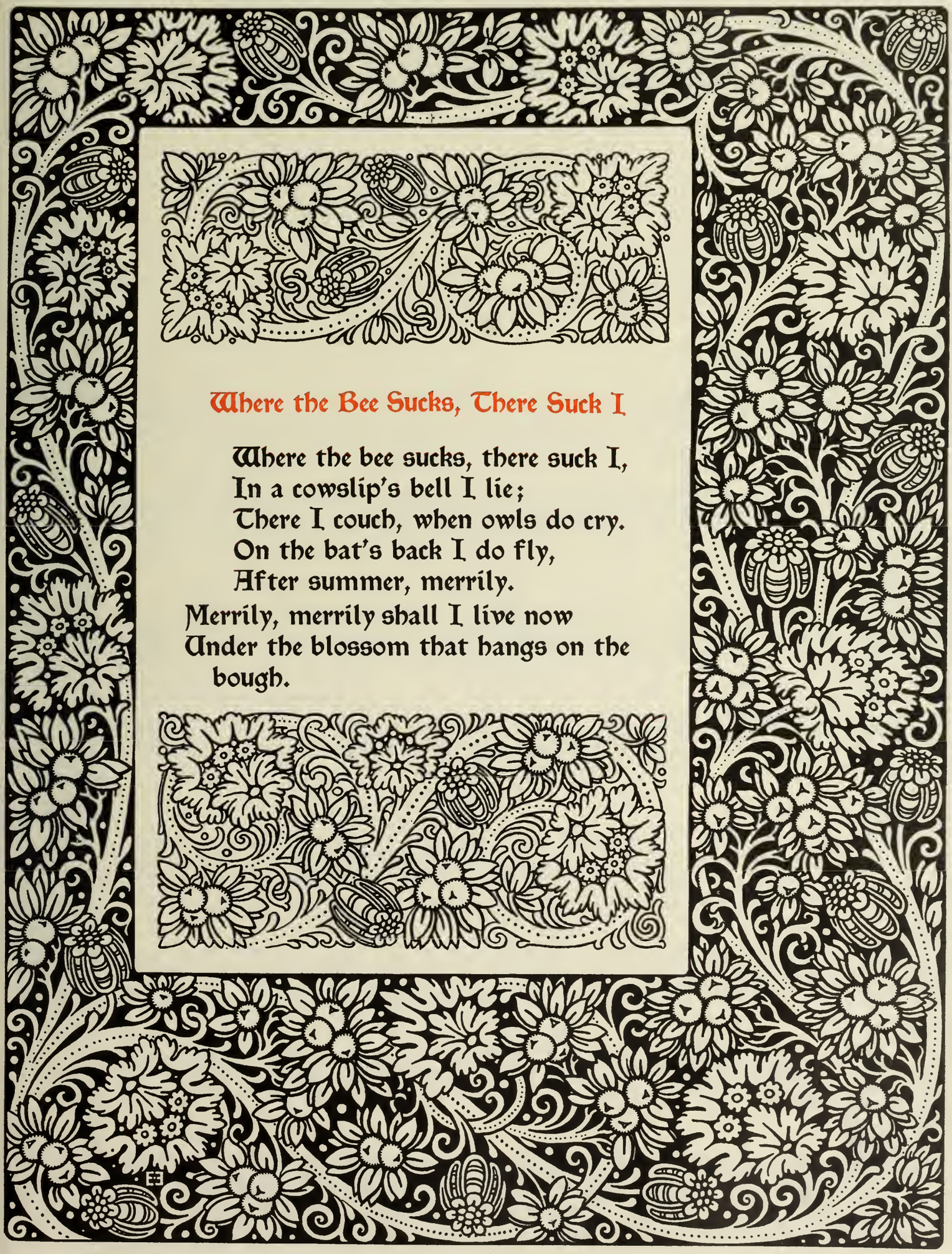

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I

Dr. Thomas A. Arne

Allegro.

p grazioso e leggiero.

cresc.

f

dim.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I; In a cows - lip's bell-- I

p

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lie; There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do

cry, when owls do cry. On the bat's back I-- do--

p

leggiero.

fly, - I do fly, Aft - er--

p

sum - mer, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er--- sum - mer, mer - ri - -

cresc.

ly.----- Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live

f *p*

now Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough, Mer - ri - ly,

cresc.

mer - ri - ly shall I live now Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the

bough,--- un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough, Mer - ri - ly,

pp

f

pp

mer - ri - ly shall I live now Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the

p

bough, un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough, un - der the

mf

un poco allargando.

blos - som that hangs on the bough,--- un - der the blos - som that hangs on the

cresc.

f sempre col canto.

bough.-----

f

dim.

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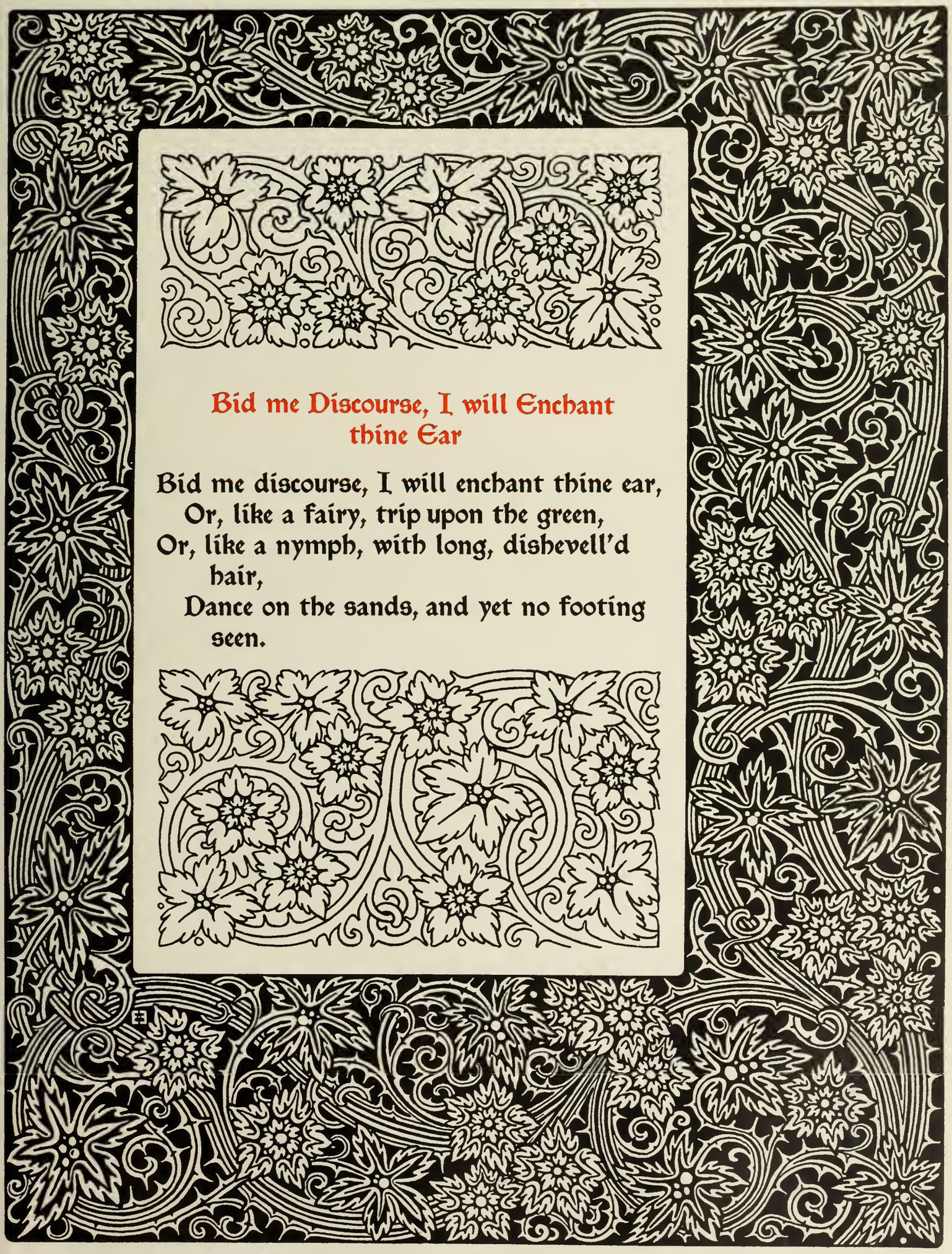
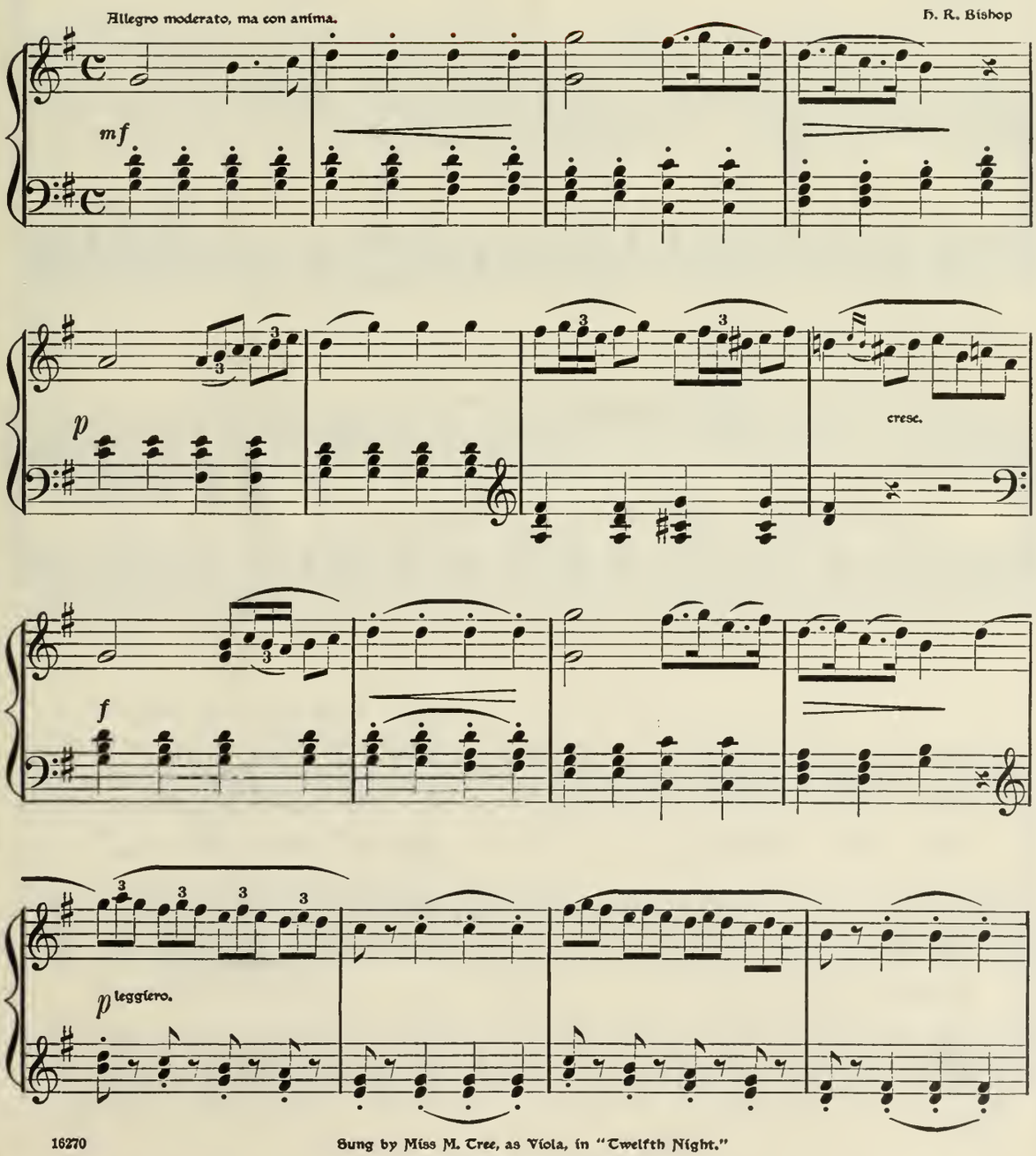


Bid me Discourse, I will Enchant thine Ear

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long, dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

Bid me Discourse,
I will Enchant thine Ear



16270

Sung by Miss M. Tree, as Viola, in "Twelfth Night."

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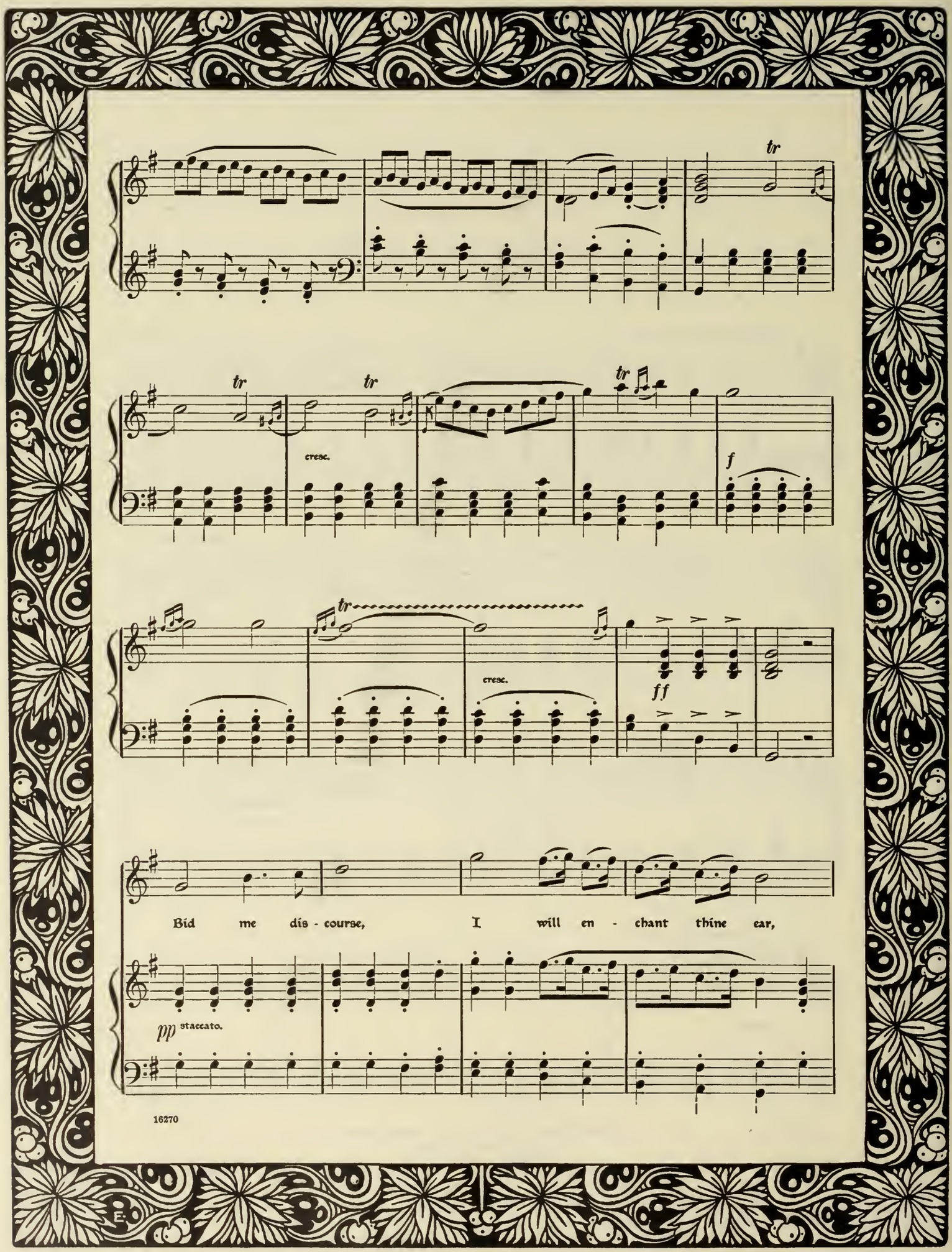
tr
tr
tr
tr
cresc.
f
tr
cresc.
ff
Bid me dis - course, I will en - chant thine ear,
pp staccato.
16270

Or, like a--- fair - y, trip----- up - on------ the green,

p

I will en - chant thine ear,

f *p*

Or, like a--- fair - y, trip------ up - on--- the--- green.

f *p* *tr*

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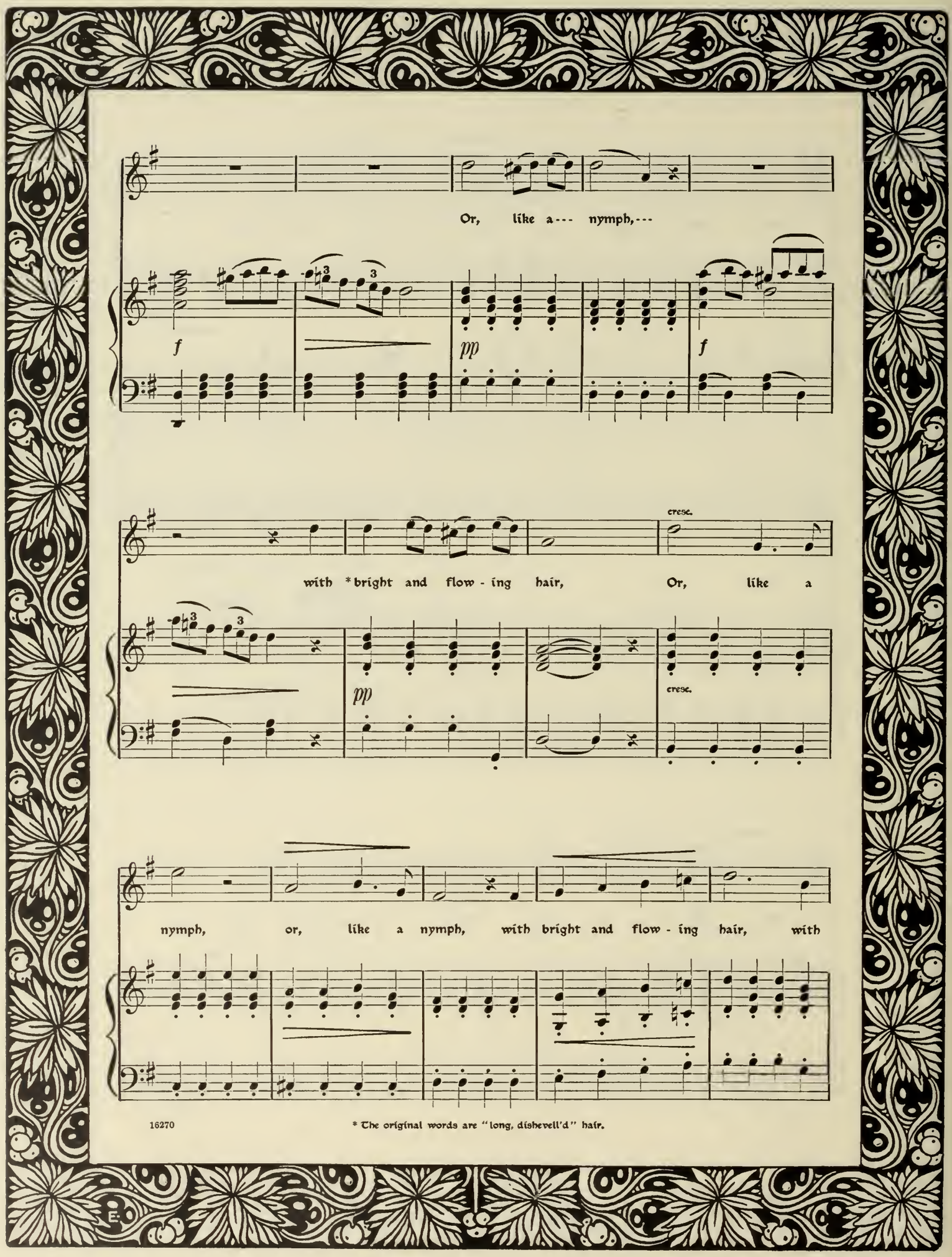

* The original words are "long, dishevell'd" hair.

cresc. f

bright and flow - ing hair, Dance, dance on the

cresc. f grazioso.

sands, dance, dance on the sands, on the sands, dance,- - - -

p pp

tr

tr cresc. tr

- - - - and yet no foot - ing seen, and-- yet-- no--- foot - ing,

cresc. col canto.

seen. - - - - - - - -

f ff

p espress.

Bid me dis - course, I

rf rf rf pp

will en - chant thine ear, Or, like a fair - - - y,---

trip up - on the green, trip, trip up -

p

on - - - - - - - - - the green. Bid me dis -

(*tr*)

col canto.

a tempo.

f

pp

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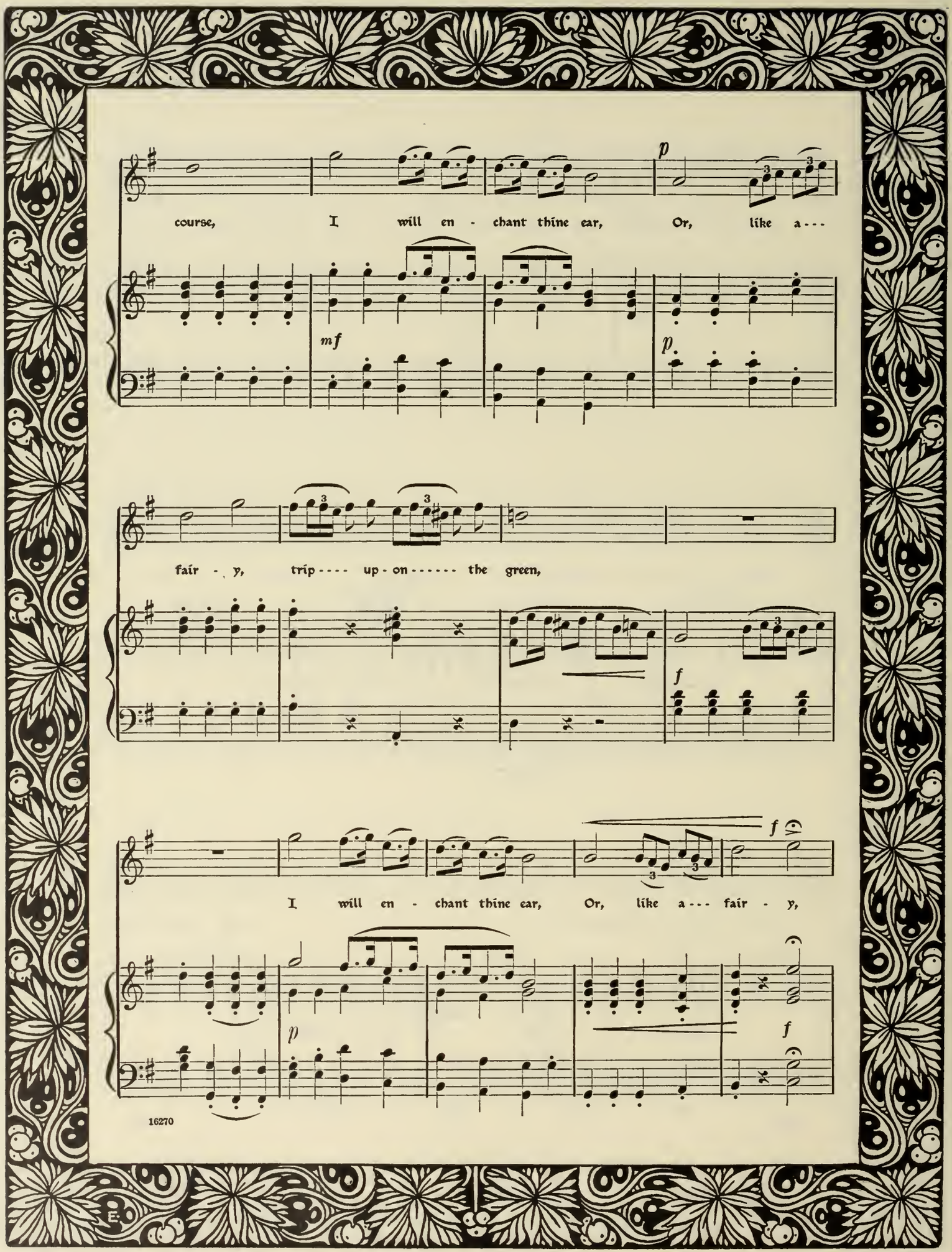

p
course, I will en - chant thine ear, Or, like a - - -
mf
p
fair - y, trip - - - - up - on - - - - - - the green,
f
I will en - chant thine ear, Or, like a - - - fair - y,
f
p
f
16270

trip - - - - - up - on the green; Or, like a nymph,

p sempre leggiero.

or, like a nymph, with bright and flow - ing hair, with

cresc.

bright and flow - ing hair, Dance, dance on the

cresc.

con grazia.

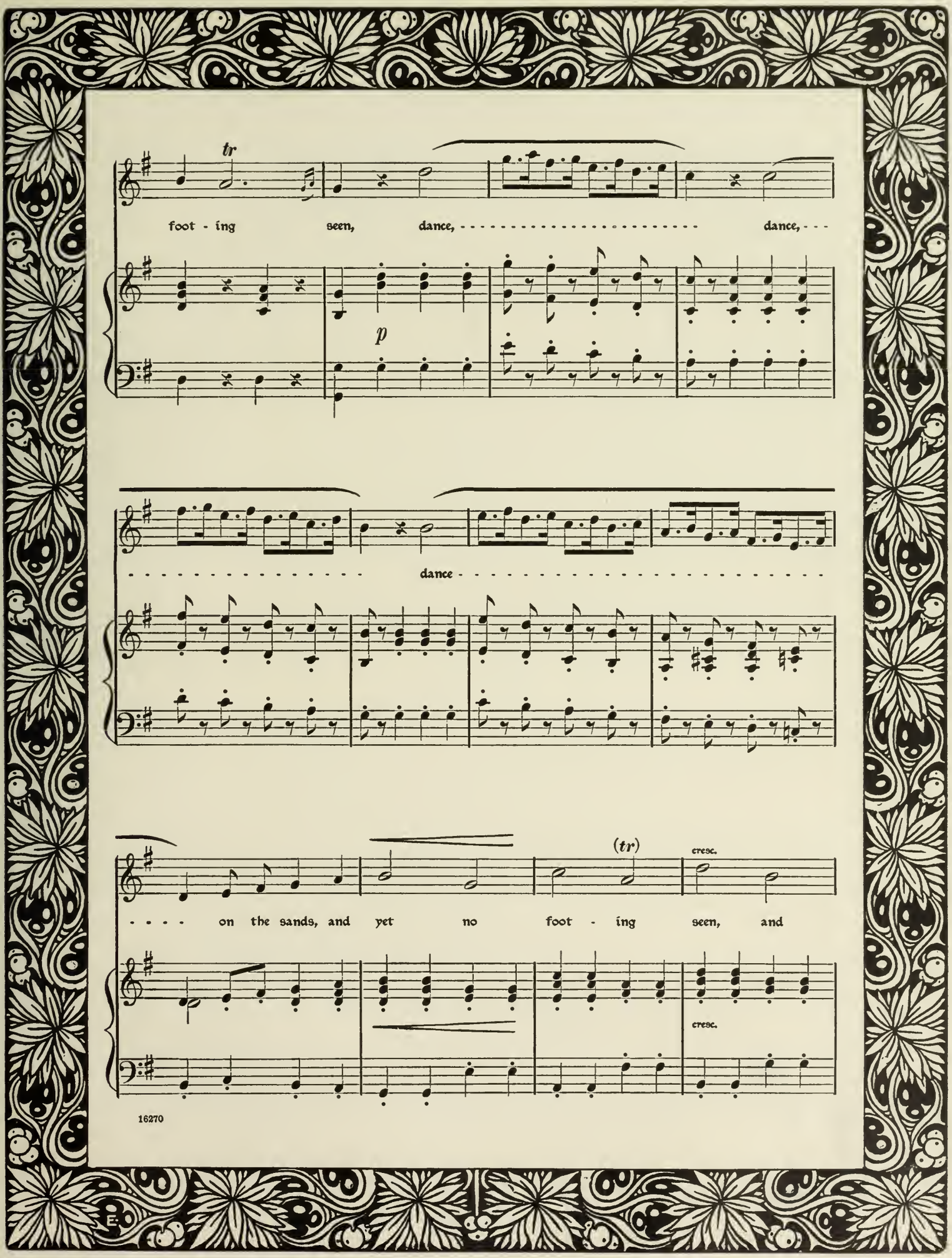
p

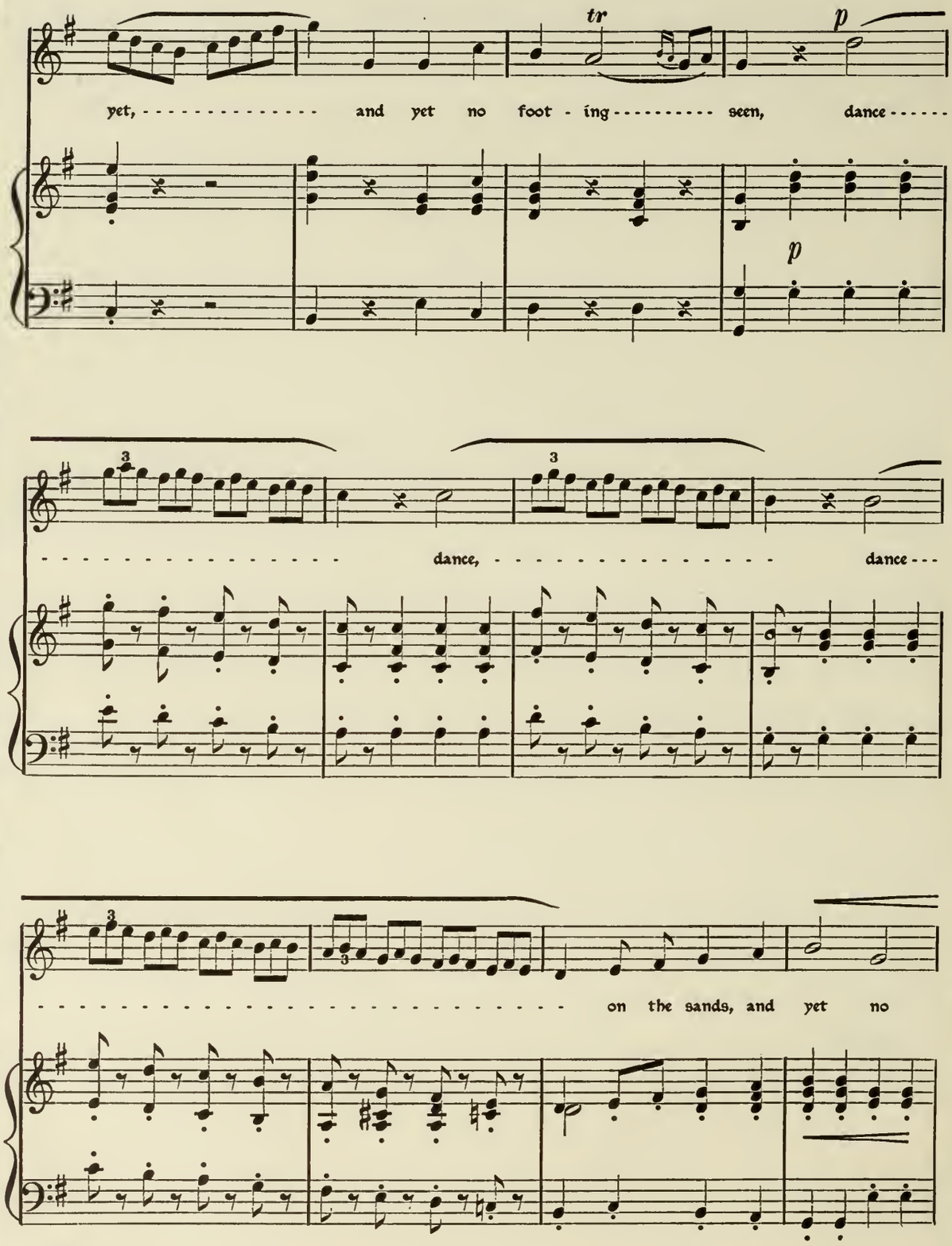
sands, dance, dance on the sands, on the sands, dance,---

sf *sf* *sf*

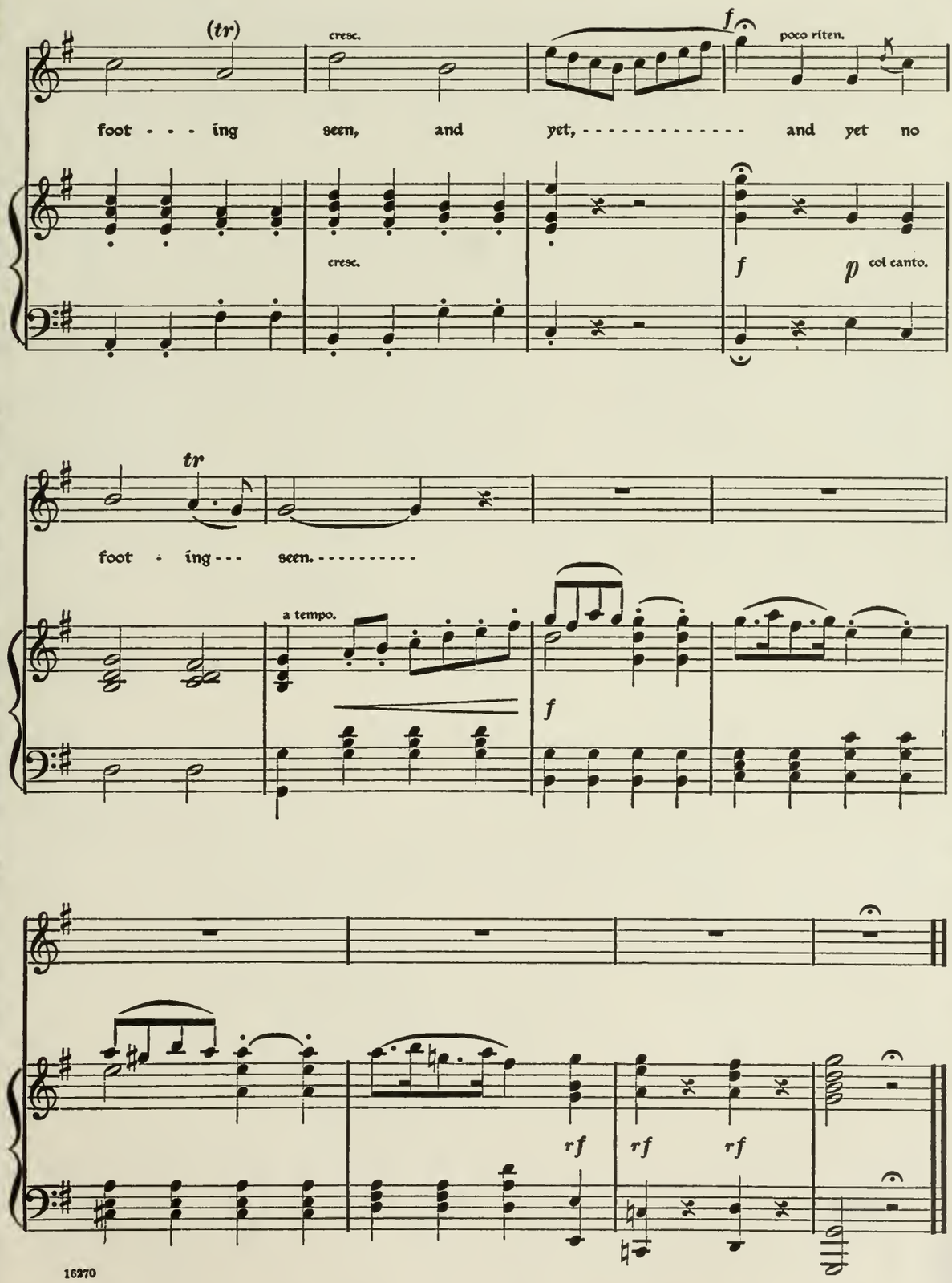
tr

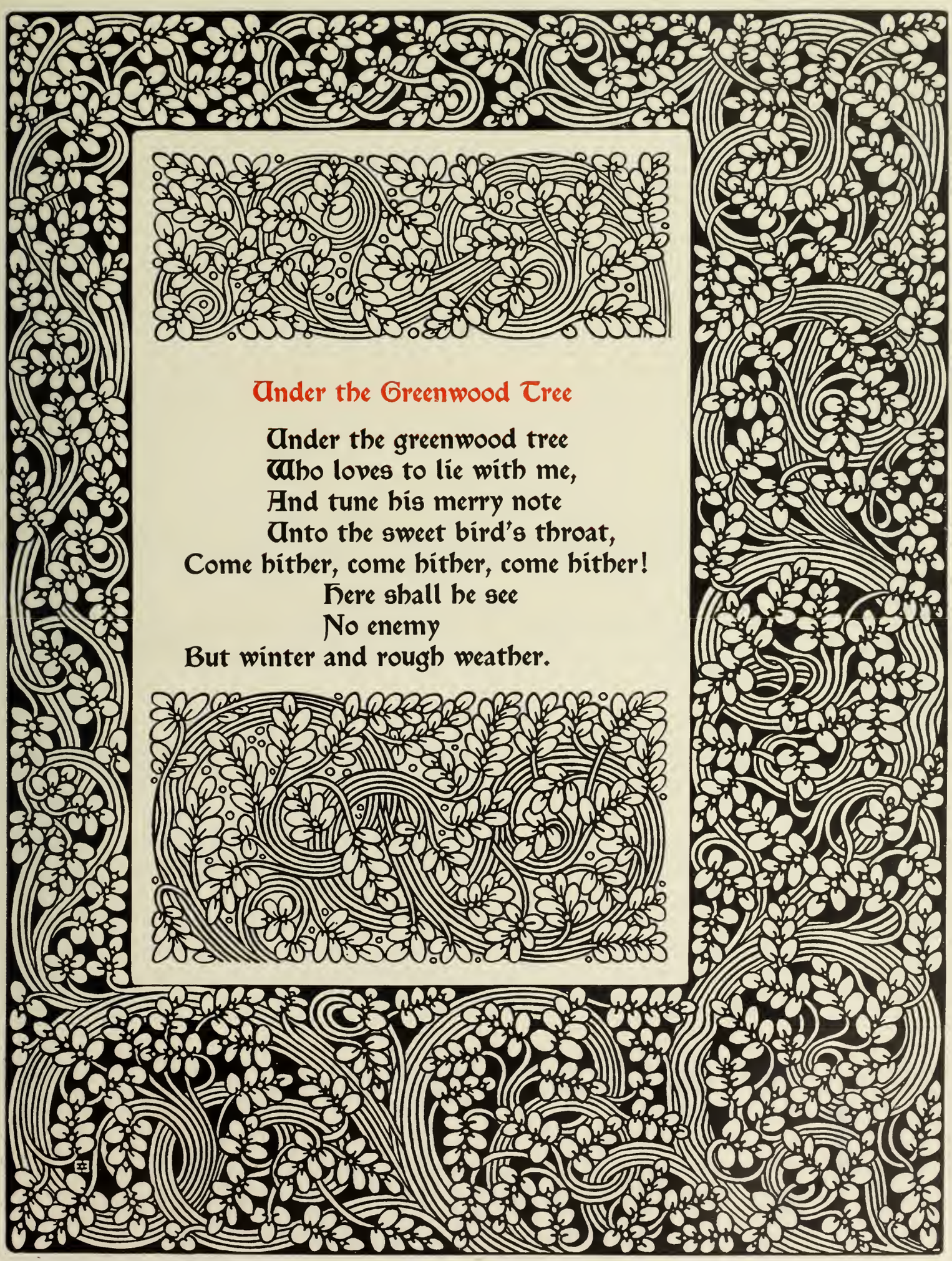
- - - -


tr
foot - ing seen, dance, dance,
p
dance
(tr)
cresc.
on the sands, and yet no foot - ing seen, and
cresc.
16270


tr
p
yet, and yet no foot - ing seen, dance
p
3
3
dance, dance
3
3
on the sands, and yet no

16270


(tr)
cresc.
f
poco riten.
foot - - - ing seen, and yet, - - - - - - - - - - - - and yet no
cresc.
f
p
col canto.
tr
foot - ing - - - seen. - - - - - - - - - -
a tempo.
f
rf
rf
rf



Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Dr. Thomas A. Arne

Allegro non troppo.

mf

p leggiero.

f

Un - der the green - wood tree Who loves to lie with

p

me, And tune his mer - ry note, his

dolce.

mer - ry, mer - ry note Un - to..... the sweet bird's

crese.

throat, And tune his mer - ry note Un - to the

p

leggiero.

sweet bird's throat, Come hith - er,

p

p

hith - er, Come hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er, come

cresc.

hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er;

dim.

mf

Here shall he see No

f

p

en - e - my, But win - ter and rough weath - er,

cresc.

16270

Here shall be see No en - e - my, But win - ter and rough

p

weath - er, Here shall be see No en - e - my, But

f *p*

win - ter, but win - ter and rough weath - er, rough weath - er, but

mf col canto.

16270

win - ter and rough weath - er.

cresc.

f

Un - der the green - wood tree Who loves to lie with

p

me, And tune his mer - ry note Un - to the sweet bird's

dolce.

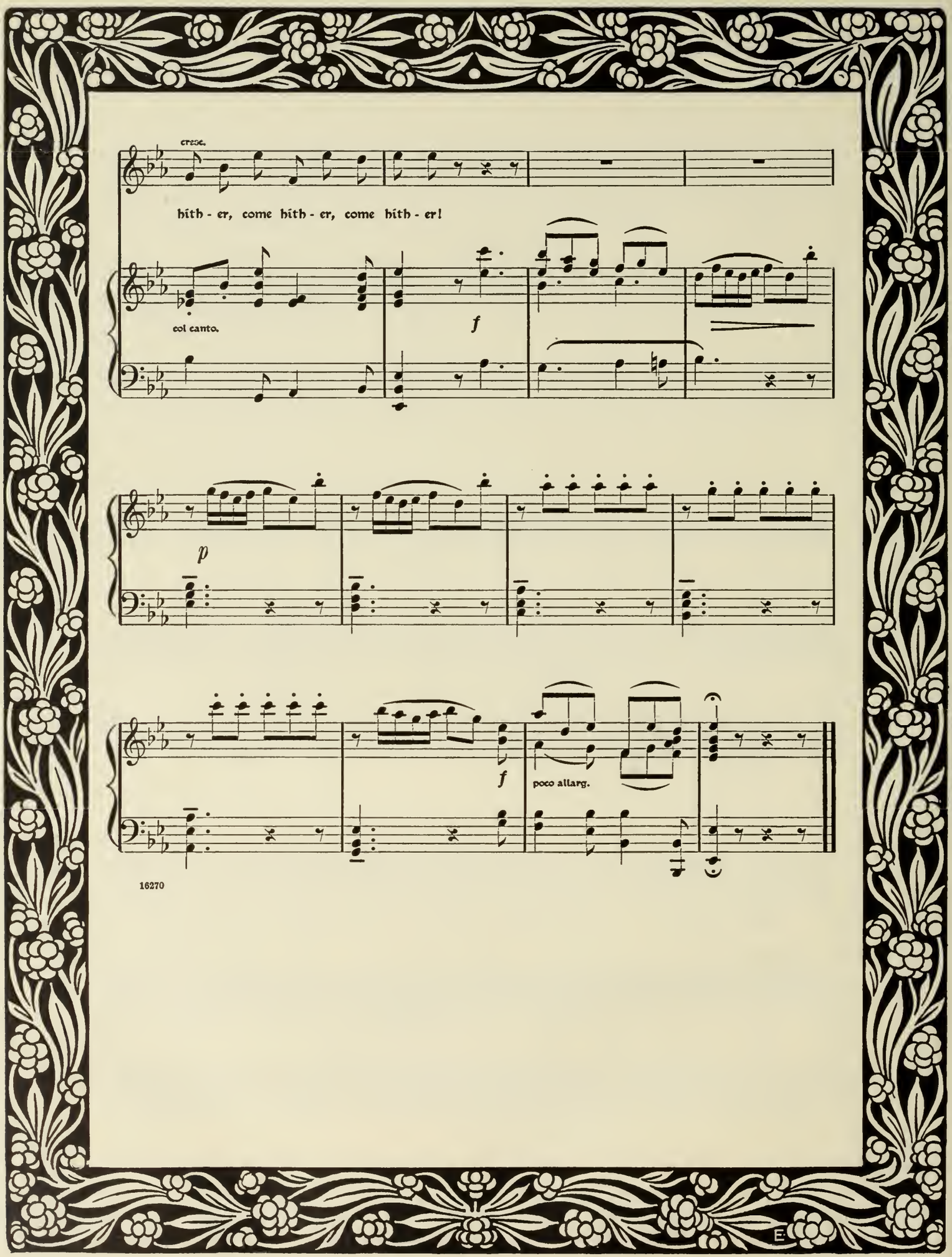
throat, And tune his mer - ry note un - to the sweet bird's

throat, Come hith - er, hith - er, hith - er,

p *pp* *p*

hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er, come

pp *mf*


cresc.
hith - er, come hith - er, come hith - er!
col canto.
f
p
f
poco allarg.

16270

Who is Silvia? What is She

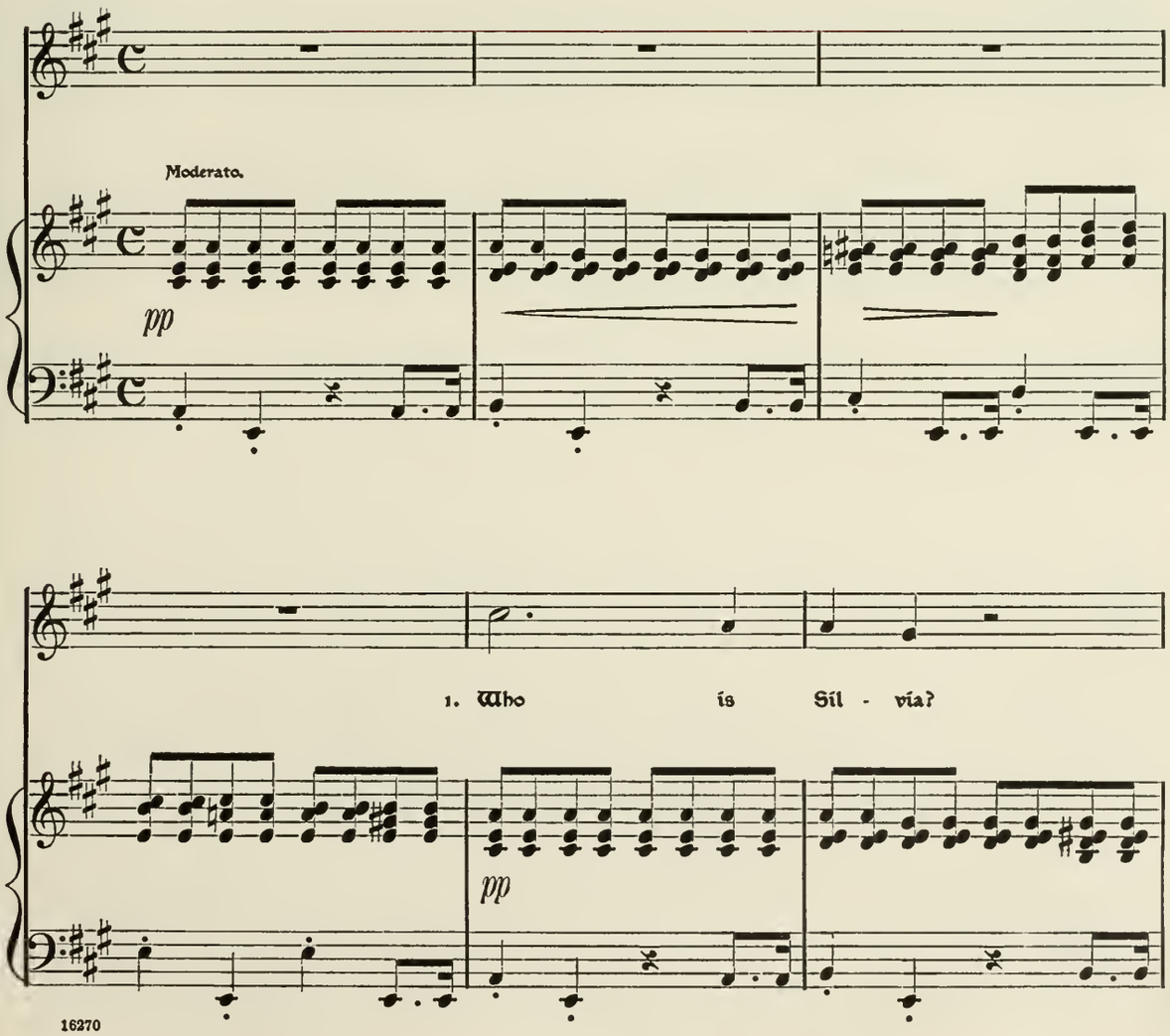
Who is Silvia? what is she
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
  The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling,
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Who is Silvia? What is She

F. Schubert



16270

what is she,..... That all our swains com -

mend her? Ho - - - - ly,

fair..... and wise is she;..... The

heav'ns such grace did lend..... her,

pp

That* a - dor - ed she might

be,..... That a - - - dor - - ed

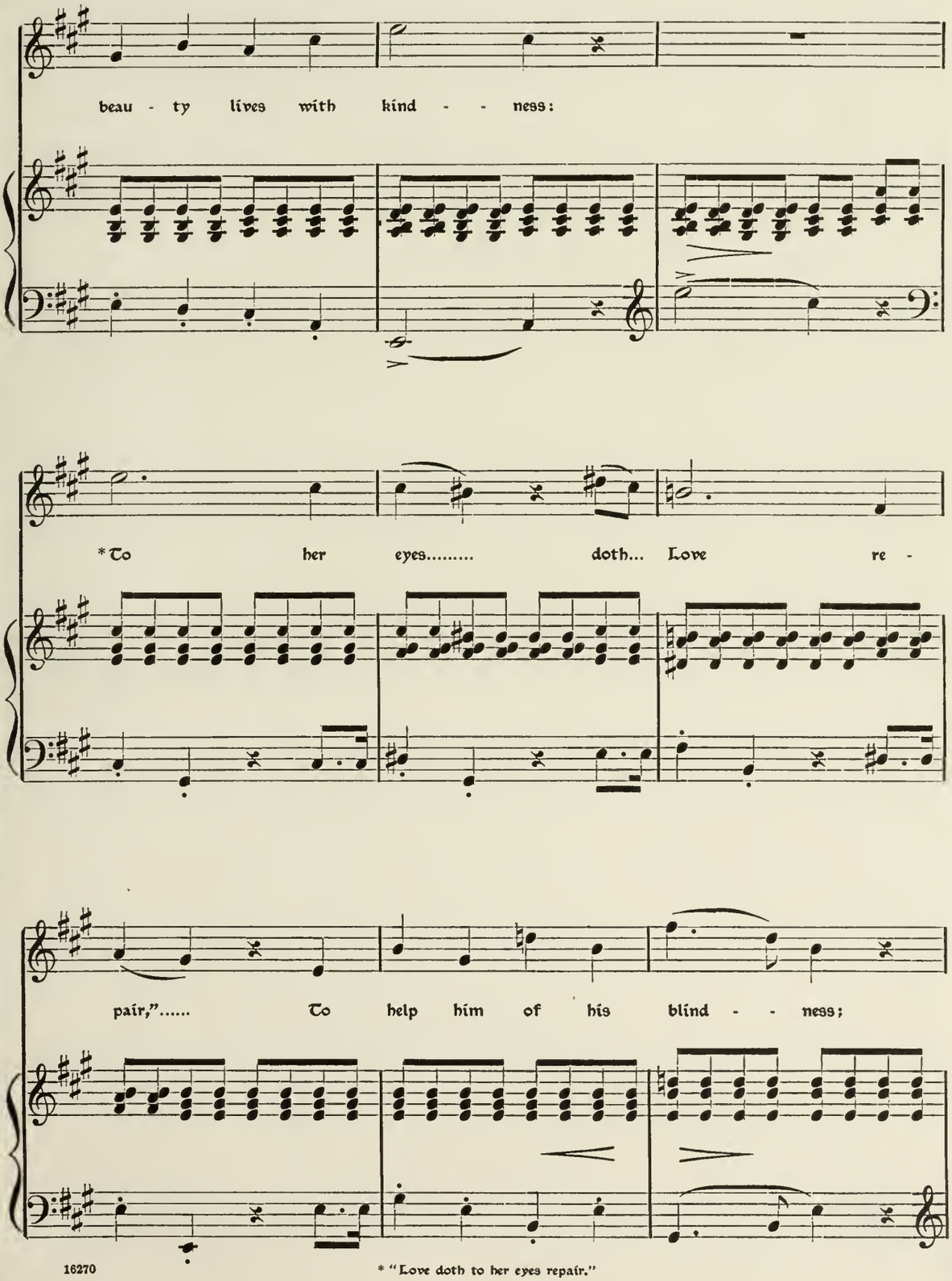
16270 * "That she might admired be" is the correct version; the English has been adapted to Schubert's setting of the German words.

she might be.

2. Is she

pp

kind,..... as she is fair?..... for



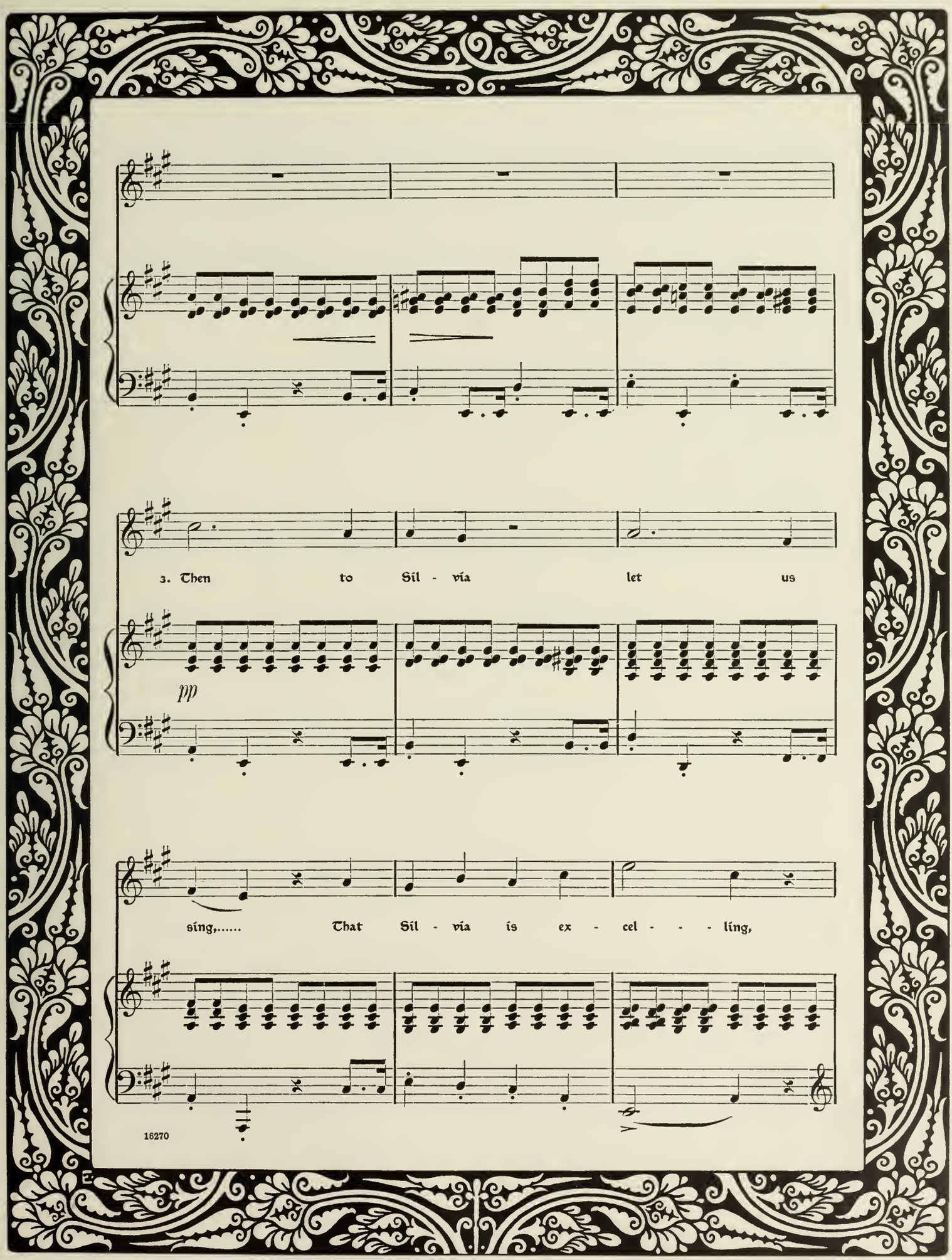
* "Love doth to her eyes repair."

And, be - - - - ing... help'd,..... in -

pp

hab - - - - its..... there;..... And, be - - ing

help'd, in - - - hab - - - - its... there.


3. Then to Sil - via let us
pp
sing,..... That Sil - via is ex - cel - - - ling,
16270

She ex - cels..... each

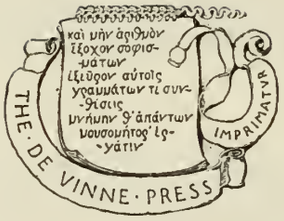
mor - - - - - tal thing..... Up - on the dull earth

dwell - - ing; To her...

pp

let us gar - - - - lands... bring,.....

to her let us gar - - - lands bring.


καὶ μὴν ἀριθμῶν
ἔξοχον σοφισ-
-μάτων
ἐξεῦρον αὐτοῖς
γραμμάτων τε συν-
-θέσεις
μνήμην θ' ἁπάντων
μουσομήτορ' ἐρ-
-γάτιν
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